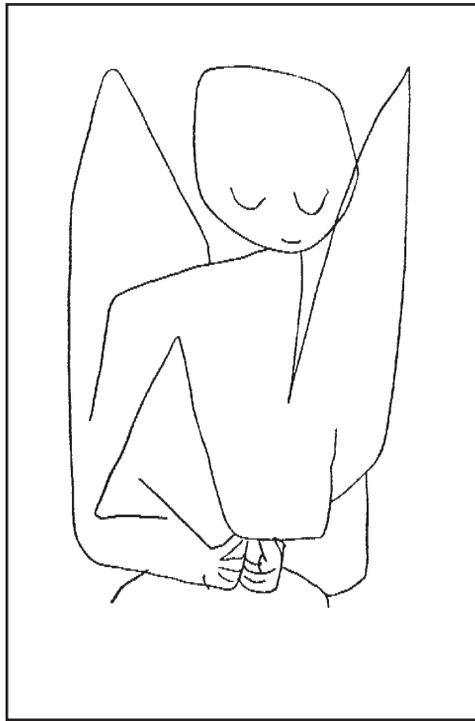


A Small Book on Seasons



*Selected from the Pages of
Poetry East
Edited by Richard Jones*

S E A S O N S

“To every thing there is a season”

—Ecclesiastes 3:1

It's April and It Should Be Spring

The gods are tired of tending fires.
Against the window, a cold rain.

Each night the hour hand moves
time and us closer to the light.

No one wants to go out. No one
wants to stay in. And the rain.

Robins do their silly walk across the lawn,
dead grass dangling from their beaks.

Crocuses raise their purple risk
through the ice-crusting mulch of maple,

oak, beech, and willow. They last
a day. Clumps of daffodils stay

blossom-tight. We want to put away
sweaters. What would the saints do?

We haul in more wood. It is raining.
Sunday and it is raining. And it is cold.

Winter's wedged itself into a crack
along the equinox. We know, in time,

the trees will bud, the flowers rise
and bloom. We do what the earth does.

It's Raining in Brooklyn

The skeleton of a building
glows, set back
between two yellow streetlights.

A metal shutter
rumbles and squeaks,
closing over a ticket booth.

Construction cones,
connected by caution tape,
block the far end of a crosswalk.

Vacant taxis
drive by, flashing
their high beams.

Two dirty tennis shoes,
tied together,
hang from a telephone wire.

You are walking alone
in the pouring rain, grinning.
Of course you love her, you idiot.

Pumpkin

"None is so poor that he need sit on a pumpkin." —Thoreau

To write as a field grows pumpkins,
to scribble page after page with an orange
crayon,
to lose teeth and still smile,
to survive a frost that blackened acres,
to wake after surgery.

To live without rotting from
within,
to ignore imperfections of the
skin,
to be heavy, and still be chosen,
to please a strict vegetarian,
to end the day full of light.

The Beach Glass

sleeps in my palm,
quietly shining through
its gentle sugar,
pale green of skies
lit by circuses.

To grow beautiful
and useless with the years,
to glow in your hands.

Niko

I can't imagine life through the eyes of a goat,
but there is a boy who says that Niko
needs a window.

It's autumn.
The orange scent of *Grand Marnier*
vanishes into the chilly night.

And Niko sleeps in a white shed,
the flat yellow eyes finally closing, the short legs
folding in the straw under the weight

of a round belly.
The first cool night, the orange scent.
The boy who knows him, who knows him

as he knows himself.
Who says that Niko
needs to see the horses, who sleep standing up

at the edge of a steep field.
Needs to see them
through a window I would make for him.

December Poem

the sickle moon appears

slowly rowing my father

another day farther from me

Sacrifice

He's drowning his rage in hopelessness.
But however long he holds the flailing boy
beneath the grey surface of the pond

he does not seem to die. At times, though,
the boy is quiet, and closes his eyes as if
listening to some exquisite sound.

Contributors

Jack Ridl
“It’s April and It Should
Be Spring”

Evan Glasson
“It’s Raining in Brooklyn”

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“Pumpkin”

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“Beach Glass”

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“Niko”

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“December Poem”

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“Sacrifice”

*At Poetry East,
we believe in words. We
believe poetry is the highest
art. A poem clarifies our deep
humanity, though its grace remains
a mystery. Poems illuminate the world
we live in—a slow dance in the kitchen,
birds in flight, a loved one's death, silence
in an empty room. As you read these
seven poems, we hope you will read
with fresh eyes and full hearts. Poetry
opens a door, inviting you into its
home. Here, come a little closer,
these are for you.*

Artistic Director: A.M. Prentice

